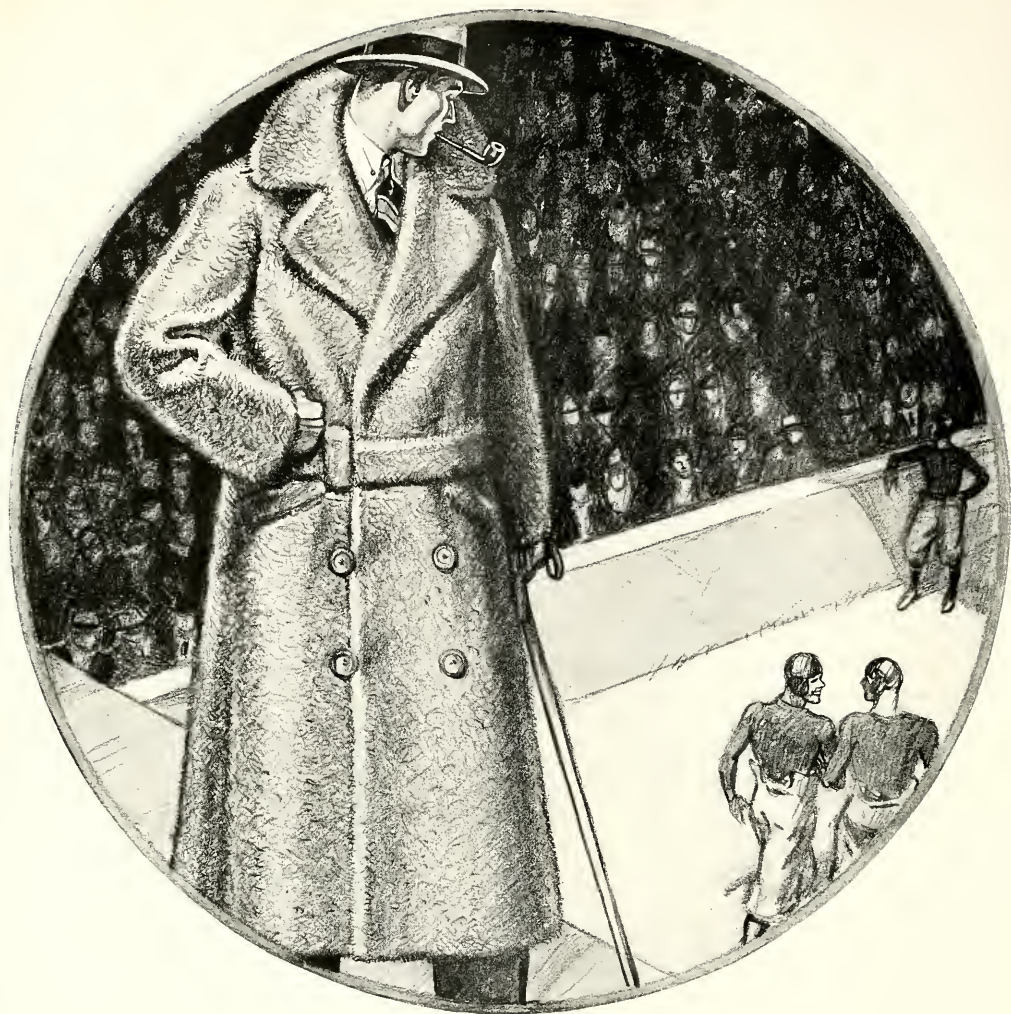


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NOVEMBER 1929

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Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and Refreshing

PAUSE AND REFRESH YOURSELF

THERE ARE PAUSES
AND PAUSES. AND
BUTCH, THE DEMON
TACKLE, WOULD READI-
LY ADMIT THAT SOME-
TIMES IT'S A MATTER
OF TOO MUCH PAUSE
AND NOT ENOUGH
REFRESHMENT.

The rest of us are more
fortunate. We can take our
pauses as we want them.
And to refresh us, Coca-Cola
is ready, ice-cold, around the
corner from anywhere. The
wholesome refreshment of
this pure drink of natural
flavors makes any little min-
ute long enough for a big rest.

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

OVER
8
MILLION
A DAY



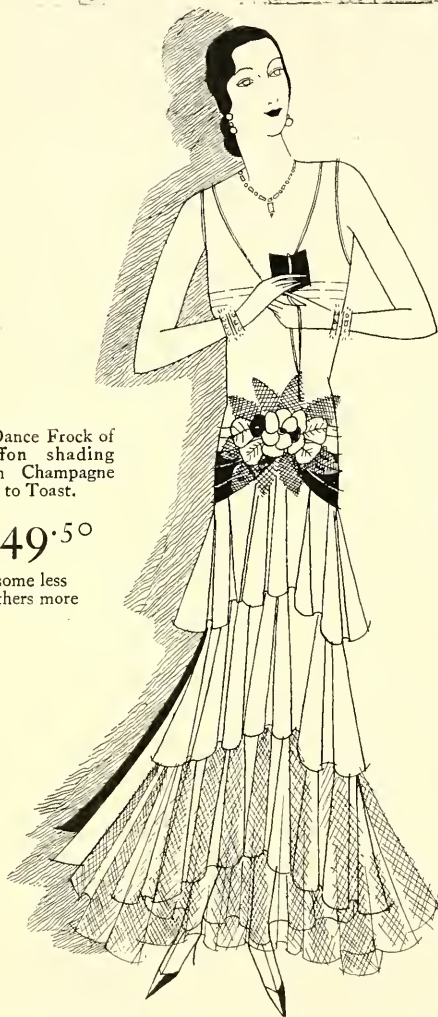
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PAUSE THAT REFRESHES

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Ground Floor—Hahn Building

1615 Sherman Ave.

Evanston



A Dance Frock of
chiffon shading
from Champagne
to Toast.

\$49.50

some less
others more

One of a collection of Evening
Gowns most suited to the many
needs of the College Miss.

He: Did you enjoy Europe?
She: It was lovely, but the trip over
was simply divine. If you ever go to
Europe don't miss that.

Lampoon.

Nurse: It's a boy.
Confirmed Golfer: Hurrah! A cad-
die!

Pearson's.

She: Don't kiss me or I'll call father.
(Smack)
Sweet Daddy!

Texas Ranger.

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Jeweler—Optician

1626 Orrington Ave. University 0461

REPAIRING

CHANDLER'S

BOOKS ~ GIFTS

Have you ever visited~
our Book and Gift Shop? It's
over at 1567 Sherman now, you
know, until our new five-story
building is completed. We have
some charming things for gifts
or bridge prizes . . . pewter . . .
copperware . . . pottery . . . etch-
ings . . . picture frames . . . and
lots of others! We have a cozy
bookroom, too, with downy chairs,
and soft lights set among hun-
dreds of interesting new and old
books. Come in and poke around
anytime.





"Ah threw mah knee out of joint doin' the Charleston."

"Man, you is lucky—s'pose you had been doin' the Black Bottom!"

Crimson.

Then there was the modest old maid who wouldn't undress with the *Christian Observer* in the room.

Orange Peel.

"Move over close to me."

"Didn't I tell you I was a lady?"

"I don't care what you were."

Voo Doo.

First Little Boy: Let's play college.

Second Ditto: All right. I'll get our sofa.

Pup.

WOMEN'S EXCHANGE CAFETERIA

1627 Chicago Avenue

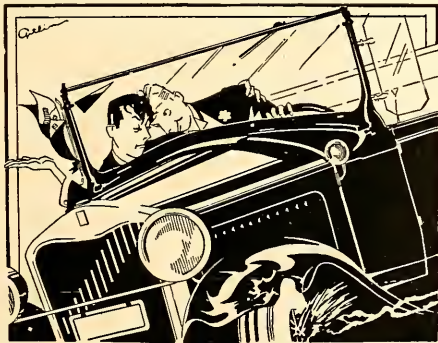
11:00 to 2:00

5:00 to 8:00

SUNDAYS

12:00 noon to 8:00

GIVE US A TRIAL



First Stewed! "Watsh out Joe, you al-mosh drove up on the shidewalk!"

Second Stewed! "Hot damn! An' I thought you were driving! Pass me those Life Savers, or that cop'll give ush a night's lodging."

The Worst Pun of the Year—

IF YOU'RE
DRESSED IN
ROYAL
CLOTHES
YEROIL (OYAL-
SEE?)
RIGHT—

But the BEST
Clothes for Wear

\$25

FOR SUIT
or OVERCOAT

Fine Clothes—Fine Workmanship
Real Fit and Real Style



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IN 10,000 CITIES

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Open Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday Evenings



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Purple Parrot

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THE BEST OF WHAT YOU WANT**

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Northwestern Girls

You are cordially invited to visit our shop, where you will find a large variety of the newest hats from

\$5.00 to \$25.00

MITCHELL'S HAT SHOP
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Where N. U. STUDENTS Like to Buy
RECORDS and SHEET MUSIC

♦♦♦♦♦

Whenever you want *Columbia, Brunswick* and
Okeh Records or the latest in Sheet Music—

TRY US FIRST

♦♦♦♦♦

CARLETON KAUMEYER

N. U. '18

1741 Sherman Ave. Phone Greenleaf 3230
The University Music Store



Professor (at registration): How many more in your family?

Frosh: Seven, sir.

Prof: All together?

Frosh: No, sir, one at a time.

Brown Jug.

"What's the idea of all the crowd at church?"

"There's a traveling salesman down there confessing his sins."

Ranger.

She: What do you mean by telling me that the dates you had with me were like a string of pearls?

He: Neckless, dearie, neckless.

Dodo.

Chemistry Prof: What is the most outstanding contribution that chemistry has given to the world?

Frosh: Blondes.

Cougar's Paw.

Her (at dance): Wait right here for me, Bill, while I go powder my nose.

Her (three dances later): Been waiting long?

Him: No, but I've been looking all over for you to give you your compact.

Sour Owl.

Dress Clothes and Their Accessories Show Changes

THE FALL '29 HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES WITH ALL THE SMART STYLE CHANGES ARE HERE; ALL THE NEW ACCESSORIES THAT COMPLEMENT THEM ARE HERE, TOO —AND GOOD VALUES

MacFARLAND'S

INCORPORATED

CHURCH AND SHERMAN

Authentic University Attire

OF the six thousand or so urgent reasons for shopping at Lord's we present the following few.

We have abolished the barbarous old custom of selling stockings by foot lengths alone —and we sell them now according to individual measurements, so they really fit, from top to toe.



We have several kinds of leather gloves you can wash in soap and water, doing away with the need for having clothes cleaned three times a week.



There's a Jewelry Section where you can find the right things for every costume...and sometimes a simple dollar necklace works marvels!

We have felt hats at \$1.79 that look like a million dollars when a co-ed puts them on...and that means you can have one for every costume.



And after the weary day is done, you can settle down before the fire in a Fireside Patchwork Robe that, mark our words, is going to be the season's big vogue.



Lord's
INCORPORATED
FOUNTAIN SQUARE • EVANSTON



Up—under the
Up—broad eaves of
the sky—that sudden
thrill that always
comes with the roar
of a powerful engine—
tingling autumn air that sets
the gypsy blood astir—a wind-
flung scarf—a dash of youthful color—a
charming Somebody in a fascinating flying
suit—two pals—air-born and wind-way-
ward, riding a Great Lakes Sport Trainer
—happy—exhilarated—carefree—alive.

Nose up and climbing—now they've level-
ed off—banked—and away with the wind.

Balanced—graceful—good looking—fast,
as your ideal ship should be—with an
amazing flow of velvet-smooth power.

Yet an easy ship to train in—rugged,
maneuverable, steady—an almost human
co-ordination between rudder and aile-
rons that makes elementary turns as
simple as straight flying. But with all its
speed and performance, a Great Lakes
Sport Trainer lands on the spot, at low
speed. Built for the boy who “flies his own”
and the girl who wants to go somewhere.

A new and interesting booklet illustrated
in color will be sent upon request.

GREAT LAKES
CORPORATION



AIRCRAFT
CLEVELAND

PURPLE PARROT



VOLUME X.

NOVEMBER 1929

NUMBER 2

First College Man: Hey, whatcha doin'?

Second So and So: Hic! Celebratin' tha football game.

First Ditto: Well whyntcha wait until after it's over?

Second Ditto: Won't be nothin' to celebrate about then.

JINGLE

(Confession of Mediocrity)

We made our love an agency
For literary grace,
To write ourselves an epic
Of poetic commonplace.

We learned our lines and waited
For a scenic moon above;
Then, sure our stage was rightly set,
Declared ourselves in love.

Deliberation marked our act,
We rose to every cue—
That we might love artistically,
As *other* poets do.

We engineered our passion
So that every vilanelle
And sonnet would assure us
That we did it very well.

And now I want to let you know:
So vigorous its charm
That even at Love's funeral
I'm running true to form!

Maxine Board.

Baby football: Mama, mama, some-one kicked me.

Mama football: That's all right darling; it was all in sport.

SONG OF THE SCRUB

I wanta be the full back
A huge and mighty man.
And plow through opposition
Just like a moving van.
I wanta make some touchdowns
And save a lot of games,
So I can be the captain
And captivate the dames.

I wanta be a hero
The pride of all the school
An athletic he-man
As mighty as a mule
I wanta star in football
The reason is, you see
If I can win a letter
The girls will fall for me.



*"Give the past tense of date."
"Dilapidated."*

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

Harmony
Matrimony
Acrimony
Alimony

Men: We're on our way to the Home Economics class.

Man: Why the haste, brethren?

Men: The girls are cutting out dresses today.

Two and twenty players
In a massive bowl.
Fifty thousand people
Watch 'em try for goal,
Yells and kicks and passes
Fill the Autumn gloam.
Fellow shoots a pistol
And they all go home.

BETWEEN HUGH AND MEE

Voice (*on phone*): Hello, is this Hugh?

Second Voice: Sure it's me. Who's this?

Voice I: This is Mee.

Voice II: Well, what's your name?

Voice I: Mee.

Voice II: Of course you. Who'd you think?

Voice I: Isn't this Hugh?

Voice II: Of course it's me.

Voice I: No, I'm Mee.

Voice II: Did I say you weren't you?

Voice I: Not Hugh, Mee. Listen I want to talk to Hugh.

Voice II: Well aren't you?

Voice I: Hugh who?

(There is a noise as of plaster being rent asunder, and amidst the crash of a telephone, unprintable imprecations are heard being uttered about people who yodel over the telephone.)

B. W.

BREACH OF PROMISE

by
Sylvia Mc Kay

"GIVE me just one more night!"
"All right. But remember, my dear, soon we'll be out of money. If this plan fails we must think of something new. You've had three months already to do your share."

"Karl, I'll get him tonight—I promise. So run along now." The heavy man arose slowly and moved toward the door. His dark face showed undeniable doubt. He didn't think she would succeed. Perhaps she liked the boy, and didn't want to play unfairly. After all, she was only a woman, a young and pretty one at that, and Wilmington meant excitement for any girl.

Dolores was talking:

"I could be surer of getting him if I had a new dress, one that I saw yesterday. You'd like it on me afterwards . . . not expensive. Please."

She went to the doorway and placed a detaining hand on his shoulder. He looked at her upturned face, framed by the soft black of her hair. Slowly her long lashes fell over the imploring look he knew so well. She pouted slightly and watched her own hand playing with the lapel of his coat. His eyes fell from her face to her lithe body, discreetly revealed by the clinging folds of something by Lanvin.

"No, I can't give you any more money; I've given so much already. Remember, I'll see you tomorrow."

The door closed behind him. Dolores sank listlessly down among the pillows, reached mechanically for a cigarette, and smoked quietly for a while. Her smooth dark hair, done conventionally low on her neck, was swept back from a forehead now traced with almost-invisible lines. She reached for the telephone.

"Curtis 1486 . . . Antons? May I speak to thirty-four . . . Hello, this is Miss Chase. Do you remember the black satin I tried on yesterday? . . . Yes, a hundred and twenty-five dollars. Will you send it out right away? . . . Charge . . . Armgate Apartments. Thank you."

Now with that dress, her black hat, silver tipped fox, a touch of the Fleur de Nuit he liked so well—surely he'd propose. She'd make him. She knew how to handle him. She'd handled older and more clever men—for less money, too. And after they were engaged, she knew how to make it seem that he was the one to tire of her. Then would come days of publicity and court room scenes while she sued for breach of promise. Karl would pay her and adore her as usual. They'd both have plenty of money—Dave Wilmington's father's money.

THE pink cloisonné clock on the night table ticked seven: Dolores turned from the mirror above her dressing table with an excited glow in her gray eyes. A half hour, and Dave would be there. She had been dressing for more than an hour. Everything must be right. And yet, she was barely ready when David Wilmington, Jr., knocked at her apartment door. She was nervous—she, Dolores, who was never nervous.

"Dodo, how wonderful! You're looking splendid. And this glorious night, and Friday at that."

"Yes, you naughty boy, when you should be keeping training rules, and a big game tomorrow. But no one will know; we'll go for a long ride. It's a beautiful night. And the moon, Dave, did you notice it?"

"Did I! A perfect night for a ride. About thirty miles from here there's a place we can eat. Are you ready?"

Dolores threw her fox scarf carelessly over one shoulder, turned off the light near the desk, and went, with Wilmington, out of the door. In his roadster they swept by the rows of stupid apartments, and were soon deep in the quiet of the country. A full harvest moon rested lightly on the feathery tree-tops, so low it seemed almost within reach. There was no wind; the oppressive quiet of the country was disturbed only occasionally by the murmuring of crickets.

It was not until they had eaten dinner and were again riding in the moonlight, that Dolores felt that she could turn the conversation to anything but the most commonplace generalities. Dave made the change for her.

"You don't know how refreshing it is to get away from school and the fraternity house—to ride like this with you, Dodo. I feel that you understand."

"I'm glad, Dave. I wonder why—"

"Oh, a man needs to talk to someone who understands him, and I've had to keep so much to myself lately."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I've been wanting to ask you if you think that a fellow has a right to ask a girl to marry him, even if it can't be for years."

"Of course, Dave, we must take love when it comes—it is so precious."

The car came to a stop by the roadside; the engine was still. Dave turned toward Dolores.

"Dodo, there's something I want to tell you—something you ought to know. It's a secret, but I want you to share it with us, with me and the sweetest girl in the world. She's at school in the East. We grew up together and all that sort of thing. I thought you could help me to do the right thing. Besides, I wanted you to know—you've been such a pal. . . ."



He looked at her upturned face, framed by the soft black of her hair.

—Margaine OBrien—

THE FRESHMAN

by
Garth Bentley

At four o'clock on an Autumn afternoon the campus made a beautiful picture. The slanting rays of the early October sun tinged the white stone buildings with a faint flush of warm color. The first touches of the haze, so peculiar to Fall in the midwest, softened the harsh outlines of the leafless trees. The campus was almost empty of students. Only a few minutes ago, the Circle and the pathways from the classroom buildings had been filled with students hurrying home to their rooms after the last class of the day. Now a silence reigned over the campus, broken only by the occasional greetings of straggling students. Another busy day finished, the College dozed in the late afternoon sunlight.

In the office of the *Scribe*, Ralph Nixon puffed a pipe of contentment. From his lofty office in the fourth floor of the Union Building he had a good view of the entire campus, the campus where he had spent four years and which he had learned to love. Mentally he reviewed the last three years in which he had climbed from a position of comparative obscurity on the campus to the lofty eminence of the Editorship of the *Scribe*. In his official capacity, he became automatically one of the big men.

His thoughts turned to plans for the coming year. He felt himself in the position of a molder of campus thought and opinion. One upon whose shoulders had fallen the burden of a sacred trust and obligation. He owed it to the students, to the Board that had appointed him, and to himself to make this year the best one that the *Scribe* had ever had.

All during the summer he had made plans for this year, plans in which every issue of the magazine was carefully projected. Every copy should be one of which the campus would be proud.

His day dream halted by the necessity of refilling his pipe, Ralph turned to his desk where a big pile of manuscripts awaited his attention. Without looking at them, he knew just what he would find there. The usual number of young-love romances, society tales, and overdone tragedies. Sophomoric attempts at realism exposed the naive viewpoint of the author. Then there would be the college stories—of the type turned out by the Montrosses, basketball or, more likely, several boxing stories. Pugilism seemed to appeal to the embryo writer. Perhaps because it offered a substitute for the action of the old nickel thriller.

Yet out of that file of manuscripts he must select two stories for the first issue of his magazine. And, since it was the first issue of his magazine, he must make his selection all the more carefully. Slowly he went through the pile, sorting the stories into various groups. Here was one, "Geneva," by Phillip Hall. He could depend on old Phil to produce something worth reading. Good Phil was a graduate student in the English Department and it was rumored that he had had a story published during the vacation. It would be a tragic story, he well knew, but it would give the magazine a highbrow tone. That left just one more to be selected. Maybe he would pick

out two or three and let his associates help him in the decision. That was a good idea. Ah! here was another unusual manuscript. The title "Bill Faw Down" aroused his interest at once. By R. J. Smith. Never heard of him—must be a newcomer to the campus.

It promised humor and a humorous story always went over well with everyone. The story caught his attention at once and held it all the way through. The action moved fast and the plot was unique. Occasionally a chuckle escaped him and once he even broke the sacred tradition of the *Scribe's* office and laughed out loud.

Ralph finished the story and began to review it in his mind. It seemed vaguely familiar. Not the thought, of course, but the style. Oh! Yes, he placed it now. Somebody was trying an obvious imitation of Barrington Hamlin's stories which appeared regularly in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Couldn't take anything of that sort in the *Scribe*. What he wanted in his magazine was original stuff. And that meant original in style as well as in thought. Nobody was going to put anything like this past him.

The more he thought about it the more indignant he became. That some one would actually try to slide that type of stuff right under the noses of the Editor and staff of the *Scribe* was a blow to his senior dignity. He'd have plenty to say to this Smith fellow if he ever came across him. He laid the offending manuscript to one side where he could easily lay his hands on it and turned to the remaining pile.

For a full half an hour Ralph read undisturbed. Little by little the pile of read manuscripts increased. Well, on the whole, they weren't so bad. There were several that showed promise. He could start the book out with "Geneva" and use one of the others further back in the magazine. That was settled. Just one or two more to read and he would go home to dinner.

As he picked up a new manuscript, some one knocked diffidently on the door of his office. It must be Pete, his roommate, back early from football practice. No, Pete would have busted right in without knocking.

"Come on in," he called.

The door opened and a slender young fellow of medium height entered. His eyes were hidden behind huge horn-rimmed spectacles and his hair, when he removed his hat, revealed itself as a rebellious tow-colored thatch. Just a little too long according to Ralph's way of thinking. He was attired in an old pair of corduroy trousers and a lumberjack shirt.

"Looking for me, were you?" Ralph inquired.

His visitor nodded. "You're the Editor of the *Scribe*, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes," Ralph waited for his visitor to explain further.

The newcomer hesitated. "I turned in a story here the other day and I just thought I would drop in and see—well, see if you liked it."

(Continued on page 29)



WONDER WHAT THE SEA GULL THINKS ABOUT THE BIG GAME



He: What would you say if I threw you a kiss?
She: Lazy, lazy boy.

SOCIETY NOTES

Penrod Puffschuessen goes on his annual hunting trip today. With him will be his faithful puppy, Amos, who has accompanied him for the past fifteen years.

Beg your pardon. An error in last week's issue. Mr. Wart was not confined to bed with triplets. It was Mrs. Wart.

The whole town is talking about the miracle. Last night Emil Eselstein's second-hand clothing store burned to the ground, but there was no insurance. Eselstein is being declared "non compos mentis" by Constable Henry Dewbottom and will probably be pronounced insane before long.

J. H. C.

"Selling much real estate lately?"
"Oh lots."



"Mine will be a marriage for convenience. Father wants me to marry a North-western man so he can get football tickets."

Look at those raving people! All yelling because those fellows down there in the meadow are fighting over that big, brown egg. Funny it doesn't break. I wonder if any of them thinks he can hatch it even if he does get it for good. And after all that bouncing around. There—one of them is running away with it. No, someone stopped him. Look at them all jump on him. That egg is a sure goner now. No sir, it isn't even cracked. It'll be a tough bird that comes out of that egg. Look at them take the egg now. How they are fighting over it! What's that now? Why one of them is throwing it away. Whoops, that was close. Someone caught it just in time. There he goes with no one near him. Why, what's wrong with him? He's stopping behind those white poles. Listen to that noise! What's gone wrong? Look at those crazy people in the stands. What's this? A whole cloud of eggs? My gosh, they're floating up at me. Purple eggs. Easter eggs! Look out! Pop! I'm surrounded.—Pop—I'll have to—pop—get out—pop—of this mess—pop, pop. Let me—pop—out of here—pop, pop, pop.

P. K.



"Have you the 'Sextette from Lucia?'"

BALLADE OF THE SPLIT INFINITIVE

I'm not at all grammatical,
Nor should I ever care to be
So sensitive and critical
That common speech was not for me.
I mix my tenses frequently,
And yet my conscience somehow gives
This rule as a necessity:
To never split infinitives.

My relatives are several,
All learned to a high degree,
And they all think me comical,
And they are half-ashamed of me;
And yet, despite how scholarly
And erudite my relatives,
I have to tell them constantly
To never split infinitives.

Now I'm not so poetical
That burning verse means much to me;
For poets are not practical;
They make mistakes continually.
They sing the earth, the sky, the sea,
And passion in their stanzas lives;
Yet they're not careful as could be
To never split infinitives.

L'Envoi

Profs, babble of metonymy,
Of assonance, and fricatives,
But it is quite enough for me
To never split infinitives.

George Ball.

Practical Proverb: The wages of sin is breath.

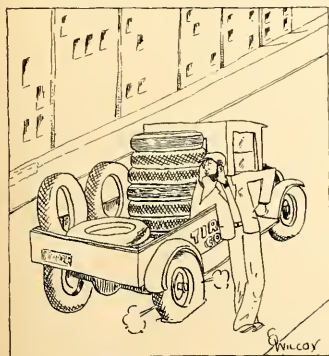


"No, but I can give you two trios from 'Faust.'"

SEZ I

I would be a football star,
So I said.
Known to people near and far,
Alive or dead.
In the conference I'd win
Laurels and fame,
Save the college bacon in
Every game.

So I joined the football squad,
Came the fall.
They were beefy, brawny, broad—
I was small.
"Play left half," the coach did speak,
Sharp and terse.
Through the line I tried to sneak . . .
"Hello, Nurse." G. B.



"Damn it! A flat tire!"

It's not a bit odd how one can get tight on Scotch.

"What! You spent ten dollats to prepare this little meal?"

"Boo hoo, and you didn't even notice my buns."

"Buns! They're bank rolls!"

At the Army-Navy Ball: "Well, well, sweetness. So you've had appendicitis too!"

HIS LAST WIFE

A Serial Mystery

(At great expense we have at last succeeded in bringing to this magazine the super-super-thriller from the Opera, "His Wife's Children's Father.")

The story thus far: Sidney Thumb-twist, scion of Chicago Society, visits Evanston while on a slumming party with a group of chorus girls. There he meets Lilly Garbo, a poor but honest working girl, who is standing on the corner waiting for a street cleaner. He soon discovers she is employed as a forger in his father's steel mill. Upon learning she has never entered a beauty contest, he has a petition signed and presented to Congress. Sidney, who misunderstands the wink of her eye, bets on the Cubs to win the World Series and goes away believing she has deceived him.

Now go on with the story: Squittersville entered the room and espied Anna-belle sitting in the parlor with both her feet on the kitchen stove. "Well, it's all over now," he said. "What?" queried she. "The Civil War!" gasped Wrinkle-brow, disguised as a Thanksgiving dinner, and coming up through the trap-door from the cellar.

Suddenly the door flew open. "Now I've got you all," groaned O'Malley, not, however, until he had locked the door and swallowed the key. The lights went out—a flash flashed—a scream screamed! Oh, if it were only tomorrow, tomorrow! "But where is Bruno?" asked Ophelia of Luther.

(To be continued)

Waitress (arms akimbo): Home-made pie? Well I should hope that's home-made pie. Don't we get it fresh every single day direct from the Home-Made Pie Comp'ny Incorporated?

GREEK

"My dear, my dear,"—her escort said:

"The rose upon your cheek—"

The maid, astute, discerned at once

His tone of voice was Deke.

And so she went away from there,

A tear bedewed her eye—

"Suppose," she said, (ah, God is good)

"He'd been a Sigma Chi!"

She walked and walked, and someone said

"Get in, kid!" 'Twas a Beta—

But looking close he cried, "Forgive!

I thought you were a Theta!"

L. R.



"Didn't I see you at the Madison game?"
"So that's where I was!"

THE SHOW by Alan A. Edelson

It can be said that this last month in Chicago has been more than decent. The Lunts—always an event—were here in a captivating comedy, Thomas Mitchell's *Little Accident* and *The Perfect Alibi* had the accoutrements of good plays, a fascinating Juliet was uncovered, the Guild courageously offered a "tomorrow" fantasy and Miss Barrymore soft-voiced her way through one splendid act.

Miss Barrymore's single act in *The Kingdom of God* (Harris) is reminiscent of the laugh Ring Lardner tells on himself. He was at the tryout of his play in Atlantic City when one of the critics said (the next morning printing it) that the first act was good, the second so-so and the third a horrible flop. Later Lardner was walking along the seaboard and a friend caught him and asked what he was doing so far from New York. "Oh, I'm just down here with an act," was his answer.

Well, Sierra has given Miss Barrymore only one act. It is the third, in which, as a 70-year-old Sister of Mercy tending underfed orphans, she is made to let out a blast of astonishing and foolish preachment. Another woman would have caused a smile; as it is, I was perturbed. Her acting of the old woman is touching, but the play (witness the slow first act and the wretched scene of the unwed mothers) is nothing to be carted over the country. *The Love Duel*, delayed a week as this is written, should duplicate the work in *The Constant Wife*.

Our Goodman players are striding in large boots. *Romeo and Juliet* is given with the freshness of the amateur and the power and studied efficiency of the expert. An exacting Juliet, than whom there are none more scarce, is here with youth, loveliness, a soft, pretty voice and excellency in poise and dramatization. She is Katherine Krug, the wife of Ashton Stevens, my rival in business. Miss Madison is the alternate Juliet and, though a very capable actress, is not suited for the part. The cast, with its adequate direction, is the best of Goodman shows. The frame scene provides for wondrous speed and quantity.

A clown new to me is Bert Lahr. In *Hold Everything* (Grand) he shows that he holds everything, which is a jackass laugh and antics that are excruciating, if I know what I mean. Physique! In one instance he is ready for a boxing match when a neighbor playfully pats him in the mid-section. He doubles up like a wall bed, groans, and his face runs the primary colors; then he regains composure and turns to the other with: "Boy, I sure can take it there, huh?"

If Lahr doesn't make your belly gallop, then we'll have to wait for Ted Healy, Bobby Clark or Jimmy Durante. And if Jimmy doesn't turn the trick, please, for the sake of your friends, seek counsel. In New York I saw Jimmy in *Show Girl* with Dorothy Stone, and right away I wrote home.

Thunder in the Air (Princess) tells something that all of us should already know—that the dear departed may be communicated with through our minds. It is a simple play that has expert dialogue on the interesting subject of nothing, and is acted nicely by Cecilia Loftus, Robert Haslam and J. Fischer White. It is not on the same level with the plays that I expect to see through the Shubert's Dramatic League.

The word "extravaganza" has never cropped into a notice by our capable reviewer. Now, it must be used on *Fioretta* (Erlanger). Mr. Carroll's angels have allowed him to melt, say, \$350,000 in coin and slap it around the outside of this operetta. It looks like the most expensive thing that has stopped here in years. Leon Errol is the wobbly father of Fioretta (Evangeline Raleigh), the queen of the Venice carnival. Good chorus of voices and adopted music.

In *Fires of Spring* (Cort) Eugene Leontovitch does a La Bernhardt well, considering that she must always be on her toes when speaking English. First an old actress, then a young one, and finally an old one again, Miss Leontovitch becomes through the application of an Egyptian drug and transfusion. The play is interesting.

The two Guild plays, *Caprice* and *Wings Over Europe* are as opposite in theme as appears possible. The former, a comedy by Sil-Vara, is delicious, gay and sly—a froth so light, gamesome and bubbly that it positively makes one forget the passage of time. Perhaps this is true because the Lunts are in it, the Lunts being the foremost spouse team in the country. Miss Fontanne, especially in the superb scene where she leads the boy on, is the only actress in the world when she plays in such comedies.

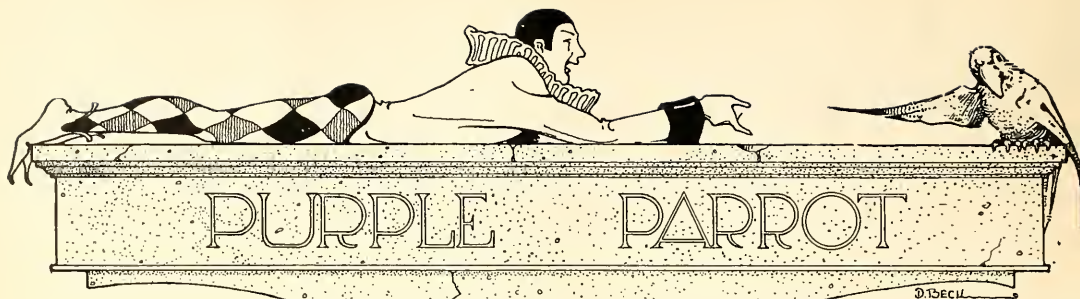
But *Wings Over Europe*, with bristling dialogue, is the tense, dynamic and tragic situation in which we probably will find ourselves if the secret of the utilization of atomic energy is discovered. In the first act a young poet-scientist tells the British cabinet of the secret that enables him to turn anything into almost anything else. He wants the empire to help him utilize it for the welfare of man. In the next act all are convinced of the truth of his statement and it is decided that the secret must be destroyed or the young man killed. He laughs crazily—a machine is set to blow the world to pieces at 1 o'clock.

The last act shows that he has speeded the timepiece to 12 o'clock, instead. He tells the cabinet, and then goes out to the park to read before coming back to die in the same room with them. But the young man is shot as he re-enters the room, and the mechanism in his watch found and destroyed. The play is expertly staged and well cast, as usual.

When Jeanne Eagels died there was a lump in my throat for many days. I sat down and wrote a one-act play (mostly description) of my meeting with her in the back of the Adelphi, after I had been to see *Her Cardboard Lover* on three successive nights. Adoration is the best word that describes my feeling for her. The jump from the garishness of Sadie Thompson to the fluffy frivolity and perfect eccentricity of the last play is as close to genius as anything I have seen on the boards. One of God's most pleasant gifts is that of memory.

SECTION

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A HAMMER AND

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November — hazy days — football! Our team may lose, we may not understand the game, our throats may become parched and our noses may run, we may have to travel miles and come home with a wrecked car, our studies may suffer, our money may be spent, our reserve may be lost—but it's all part of the game. To those men who get out on the field and work for us—to Hank Bruder—to Heine Anderson—to every man on the team—the November PURPLE PARROT is dedicated.

Now that two minutes of play on the football squad are equivalent to a year of playing, it is suggested that a degree be given every person who has attended college classes for eight minutes.



The PURPLE PARROT, in its attempt to be a part of the entire Northwestern, welcomes any humorous contributions from McKinlock campus students in the day or evening classes. Mail to PURPLE PARROT, Room 101, University Hall. Evanston students will find a PURPLE PARROT contribution box in U. H. basement.

Dad's Day came, and Dad approached to see where his dollars go. We hope he got his money's worth.

Yale, Harvard, and Princeton had net football incomes of over three hundred thousand dollars in 1928, while Northwestern had merely \$193,638.10. In order to rate with the three eastern schools mentioned, Northwestern will have to sell more football tickets.





THE FLAW THAT BROKE THE QUARTER BACK

Georgie was the quarterback
For his Alma Mater,
Pride of all the College's sons,
Loved by every daughter.

Georgie's reputation grew
Round about the nation.
Sporting sheets and movies, too,
Paid him veneration.

Georgie fell in love one day,
Fell head over ankles,
With a co-ed, so they say,
How the sad thought rankles!

In the big game of the year
Georgie's fame did tumble.
He called the signals loud and clear
Then there came a fumble.

The opponent's end came round
Grabbed the ball and rambled.
Made a touchdown, so they found,
When the teams unscrambled.

Thus they lost the football game,
While the foe made orgy,
Coach and players placed the blame
On our hero, Georgie.

For when he the signal bawled—
What could have been dumber?—
It was not the play he called
But his girl's phone number!

Garth Bentley.



Now that in final exams a choice of five out of six questions is usually given, it is possible that when the Bible is revised we may be able to pick any ten out of fifteen commandments.

We imagine that the strongest opposition to the unmasking of the klan came from the laundries.

NEWS SCENTS

FIRE AND BRIMSTONE—"I' Preparing for Football Throngs." (*Daily Northwestern*, September 19.)

THEFT NO. 1—"Radio Posters Take Manufacturer's Eye." (*Chicago Post*, September 24.)

SOUP'S ON—"Dinning R o o m should be Place of Distinction." (*Chicago Post*, September 25.)

REASONABLE RATES—"The membership charge for the Commerce club is an item separate and distinct from the student activity charge. Consequently, Bergman explained, it is essential, if Commerce men wish to identify themselves with the club, to pay the \$250 fee." (*Daily Northwestern*, September 27.)

BETTERING SHAKESPEARE—"Shakespeare Plot Improved by Club." (*Daily Northwestern*, September 27.)

THE DEAR DEAD—"However, it must be said in justice to the esteemed pignis toters of 1929, that most of the people of prominence have straightway proceeded to the various forms of civic uplift and self-betterment for which the ennobling influences of the dead old Alma Mater have fitted him." (*Daily Northwestern*, October 9.)

ACROBATICS—"The bride walks on the right arm of her father." (*Chicago Daily News*, October 10.)

OUT FOR A RIDE—"Council Tied Up on Fire Trucks." (*The Capital Times*, Madison, October 12.)

FOOTBALL FASHIONS—"Army Moves for Resuming Grid Warfare with Middies." (*Chicago Herald and Examiner*, October 18.)

THEFT NO. 2—"Doctors Take Heart: Apple Crop Smaller." (*Chicago Tribune*, October 18.)

THEFT NO. 3—"Bishop's Son Takes Glen Ellyn Church." (*Chicago Daily Times*, October 19.)

COUP DE MAITRE

I met an ancient tadpole
Who wildly wagged his tail
And sobbed a sordid story,
Of sin to no avail.
"Don't cry," I loudly begged him
And dried his dripping tears;
And then I cut his tail off
Just behind the ears.

1st Actress: Goodness gracious, the newspaper reporters are worrying me to death.

2nd Rate: There's none here!

1st Actress: That's just why I'm worrying.

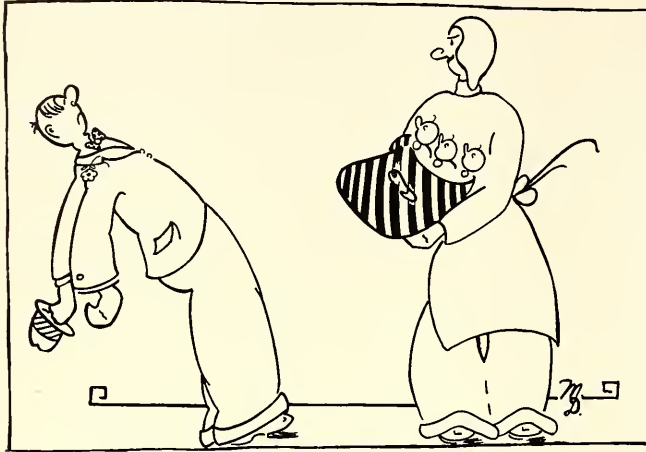
They called the A student Aelous because he was god of the winds.



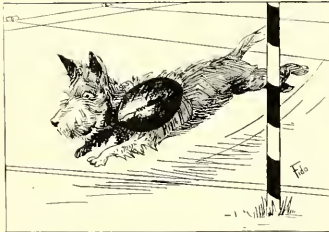
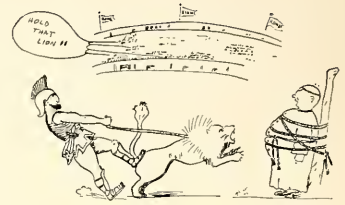
Then there's the genius who put seven keys of squeaks in fraternity-house dining-room chairs.

HOW TO PLAY FOOTBALL

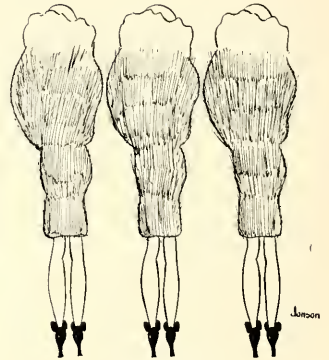
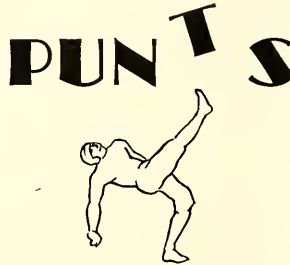
Seize the football gently by the apices. Bend the back and place the football upon the ground. With the left hand and the two front teeth, untie the knot in the string. The football must be held in the right hand. Unloosen the string; shift football to the left hand. The string or other fastener must be removed from the football bladder to permit the exit of the stale air. Again seize the football by the apices, and hold to mouth, blowing air into it, but being careful not to bite it. After going through this process for two hours, replace rubberband on football bladder. Make certain that the football is held in the left hand. Shift football to right hand and replace lacing with left hand. In tying the knot, use both hands and both feet. Going through this process three hours a day will make you an expert football player. The minor points of the game will come incidentally.



"Operator, operator! You gave me the wrong number!"



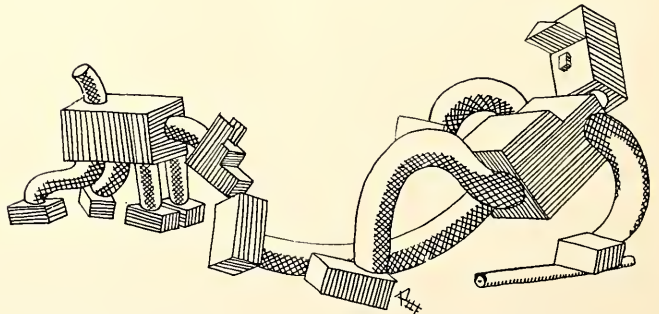
Bringing home the bacon.



TRI PELTS



"I just told your father I wanted to marry you."
"How did everything come out?"
"Through the window."



The sick man who drank a quart of gin to help put him back on his feet.

IF I WERE A MAN—

By Susan King

If I were a man, I would be satisfied. Most men are. I would adopt no attitude of self-possession. I would have it. I would have air castles, but I would not rudely stare at them hour upon hour. Whenever the girders of my bridges, in concave infidelity to the plans of my dreams, became useless, broken things, acceptance would be supreme over ranting.

If I were a man, I would wear suits and a manner so quietly tasteful that, occasionally, deviation from such a colorless norm would be entirely permissible. I would wear a derby and spats only if I were charming when self-conscious.

For one thing, I would not tell stories of what a rounder I might be, but I would go to or give so many parties that the stories would move along unaided. I would go off to a private ranch or to a northern lodge for three weeks every year and get hopelessly, foolishly, but, oh, how gladly drunk! I would be a little drunk for forty other weeks because of promising eyes, or forgiving lips, or shining, gorgeous legs. Married women would have no lure for me. Only cowards or college boys with a low I. Q. fool around with chained dangers.

I would date smart girls and sly, provocative girls, but I would make the most dates with me. I would phone her before her luncheon party, emphasizing the way she wore the swanky gown the night before and the way she had perfumed that naughty place behind her ears. She would accuse me of reading to her out of a book. She would, however, wish she could believe me. And the consommé at her luncheon party would seem cold.

I would be a wise man. I would kiss very few girls—maybe one in each of five good sororities. The lucky girl would be chosen because of her dumbness. The popular girls would hate me because I would not rush them, but they would talk about me. If there is anything that aggravates any girl, it's to go out with the reputed roué, expecting the battle royal, and then to have him carefully touch her elbow with one finger as he smiles "good night!" They would wonder why I increased the line of "stags." So would I.

I'd suggest a great many places to eat, each one further than the young lady's home. I'd mention names fragrant to any female's imagination. And then, I'd imply how luscious I'd find it to be alone with her in her kitchen. I would look at her rapturously and perhaps touch her arm above her elbow until she gave in and asked us to think, immediately, of the crabmeat in her icebox. I know she would have my favorite pieces on the "baby grand" and my cigarettes on the table. She would let me light my own cigarette unless I were sitting down.

I would seem all pretense, one of those "you-would-never-think-it-of-him" boys. I would never enlarge upon the books I had not opened or the exams I had flunked. I would drive out to some forsaken lane, or to an elderly aunt's attic lounge to study, but I would answer any professor's questions satisfactorily and I would corner him, mentally, in one or two conferences suddenly, humbly, and neatly. In my room, I would read novels and letters so that the boys could drop in and have a ready listener. I would have my chance then of being a listener.

I would not have the natural handicap of cattiness, if I were a man. I would call it frankness.

I'd go to Europe five times, but I'd control myself about it. I'd spend much time in England and Italy in order to write what I want. I would write well, often, and successfully, if I were a man. This paper-doll skirt would not put limitations upon my experiences. I would never confess to the sources of my checks and I would never write under my own name. The pretense would help me here. I would not gloat outwardly, but I would keep the envelopes in the drawer from which my brothers borrowed ties.

I would not wear jewelry, rings, etcetera, and I would not scribble the name of my fraternity all over my notebook.

I would marry for love—of money.

THOUGHT

*My faith, unshaken, rests upon
Our current phrase of "I love you."
My soul enjoys its happiness,
Undoubting—yet—those words are true.*

*You see what noble trust is mine—
Yet since our tilt a day ago,
I can't forbear the frequent thought—
"I wish to God you'd tell me so!"*

Maxine Boord.



The color-blind man is charmed by a beautiful blonde.

CRIME DEPARTMENT

THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF MARY HOOGAN

Question: Mary, did you kill Fred Blunkus?

Answer: I wouldn't think of it.

Q.: Perhaps you killed him without thinking?

A.: No. I'm always thinking. Would you like to know what I think of you?

Q.: You don't seem to think much about this matter. You don't give a hang.

A.: Nor an electric chair.

Q.: You better be quiet. The reporters are taking all of this down. When did you see Blunkus last?

A.: *(Silence.)*

Q.: When did you see Blunkus last?

A.: You told me to be quiet.

Q.: Forget about it. I say, when did—

A.: Are you asking me something or telling me something?

Q.: I ask, when did you see Blunkus last?

A.: I saw him the night before he was murdered, but he didn't last very long.

Q.: What?

A.: He was drinking and went out.

Q.: He left you?

A.: No, just passed away.

Q.: Did he go out inside or did he go out outside?

A.: Neither, he went inside out.

Q.: Don't mention it.

A.: Who the els thanking you?

Q.: When were you born?

A.: Not yesterday.

Q.: When were you born?

A.: Guess.

Q.: How old are you?

A.: That's my business. I'm a beauty culturist. Are you sure this is going to get in the newspapers?

Q.: Absolutely. What is your address?

A.: Rudgers Park 2643. So you're sure this is going to get in the papers! Friends, come to Mary Hoogan, Beauty Shoppe, expert marcel's, 10 dollars. And, reporter, don't forget the two *p*'s and the *e*. This is one classy joint, friends. The shoppe with the homelike atmosphere. Be neighborly.

Q.: Did Blunkus ever go there?

A.: Yes. Friends, come to Mary Hoogan, Beauty Shoppe—

Q.: Did he come to have his hair marcelled?

A.: No, he came to read the magazines. Mary Hoogan, Beauty Shoppe, expert marcelling—

Q.: Say, I got your name before.

A.: But maybe my public didn't. Ask me another.

Q.: Why did you kill Blunkus?

A.: I didn't.

Q.: You did.

A.: I did *not*.

Q.: You did.

A.: I did *not*.

Q.: You did *too*.

A.: I DID NOT. SO THERE! My, but you are determined.

Q.: What was his last word?

A.: What do I hear? *His* last word! Man, you don't know nothing. That last word was mine.

(Court adjourned)

Judge: You are sentenced to hang by the neck until dead.

Prisoner: Judge, you're stringing me.

BOOTLEGGERS' PSALM

Yea, though I drive through the Canyon-like streets of Chicago, I shall fear no gangster, for Thou art near me; thy club and Thy pistol, they protect me.

Surely, wealth and prosperity Shall be mine all the days of my life, And I shall dwell in the city of Chicago forever.

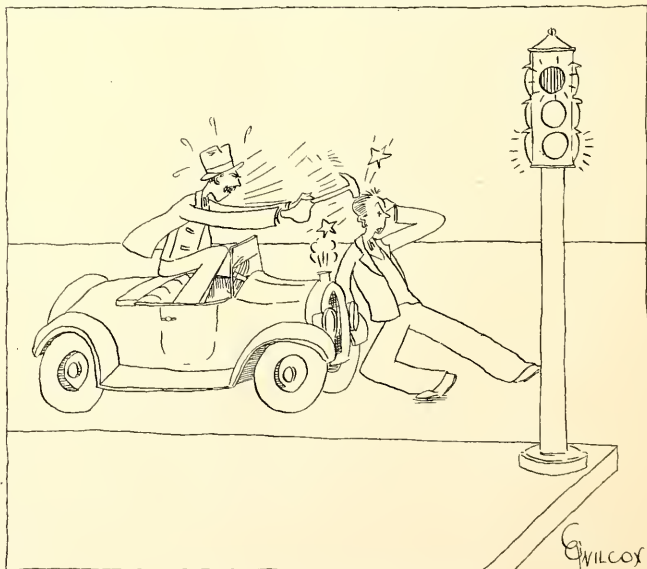
F. A.

Ever since the first out-of-towner met a Chicago real estate salesman, this famed metropolis has been known as the "Windy City."

REINCARNATION

One day you are an egoist, exceptionally occupied with the multiple activities of a preening self. You go to a great beef center, become implicated in one of the weekly gang wars, and wake the following morning to find yourself all cur up in a trunk or a Fannie May box. That is what is faced in reincarnation.

"No, Lucy, Chicago Boulevards are not planted with ambushes."



Throw away your horn and get a hammer.



PROMISSORY NOTE

I think I've had enough of challenging
Now I've met you.
And, despite past escapades, I
Plan to be true;

I'm sure I've done my last adventuring,
Without a doubt,
And certainly I'm through with moonlit paths,
Well—just about.

P. S.

MISSED

"Don't cry so! Why are you downhearted?"

"I lost my gloves—my gloves."

"Where were they the last time you saw them?"

"My wife was wearing them."

"Then why don't you ask her about them?"

"Can't. She was just buried."

THE MAN WHO FAILED WAWA

Scene: A street. A scouting party from Wawa composed of the coach and Wawa's most loyal alumnus have encountered a young giant sitting on a box outside a grocery store.

THE COACH: Nice weather we're having.

THE GIANT: Yah.

THE ALUMNUS: Real football weather.

THE GIANT: Yah.

THE ALUMNUS: It makes me wish I was in collitch again. Ah, those stirring days.

THE GIANT: Yah.

THE COACH (cautiously): Football is a grand game.

THE GIANT: Yah.

THE ALUMNUS: Ya know, ya oughta go to collitch. Everybody should go to collitch. It makes a man outa ya. Beautiful coeds and everything. And if ya got on the football team ya'd have the time of your life.

THE GIANT: Dot's nice.

THE COACH: A lotta guys think they can't go to collitch cause they haven't the dough. But Wawa ain't like that.

THE ALUMNUS: Ah Wawa! Where athletics and culchur attain the highest pinacles!



Lev Breger

Elsie thinks the world's greatest martyr is the chap who took a ride in an air taxi, and told the driver to drop him off at the corner.

THE GIANT: Yah.

THE COACH: We need guys like you at Wawa.

THE ALUMNUS: You look like a real guard.

THE GIANT: Nein, I'm Cherman.

THE ALUMNUS: I mean ya look like ya could play swell football.

THE GIANT: Yah.

THE COACH: How'd ya like to go to collitch?

THE GIANT: Yah.

THE ALUMNUS: We ain't like other collitches at Wawa. We don't pay guys to play on the team. But we could getcha a job.

THE COACH: Yeh, a swell job.

THE GIANT: Yah.

THE ALUMNUS: There's a job open at the school I could getcha. Every Saturday night ya put out the lights in the Zoology lab. Ya get thirty bucks a week fer it.

THE GIANT: Nein.

THE COACH: Ah, ya could miss a night or so onct in a while.

THE ALUMNUS: We could getcha a assistant.

THE GIANT: I should put yet the lights from the zoolochee oudt?

THE COACH: Sure, that's the idea! I bet you'll do the job perfect with some practice.

THE GIANT: Nein, I don't like der idea.

THE ALUMNUS: Think what you're passin' up! A collitch education. If ya star on the team ya might get a movie contract. It's a swell proposition we're giving ya.

THE GIANT: Nein.

THE COACH: All rite, turn the lights off every other Saturday night. But we can't let ya do nothin', we can't make a perfessional outa ya. We ain't like some collitches.

THE GIANT: Nein.

THE ALUMNUS: Ya ain't gonna come to Wawa?

THE GIANT: Nein.

THE COACH: You're losin' a collitch education.

THE GIANT: Yah.

THE ALUMNUS: If that's final we might as well be goin'.

THE GIANT: Yah.

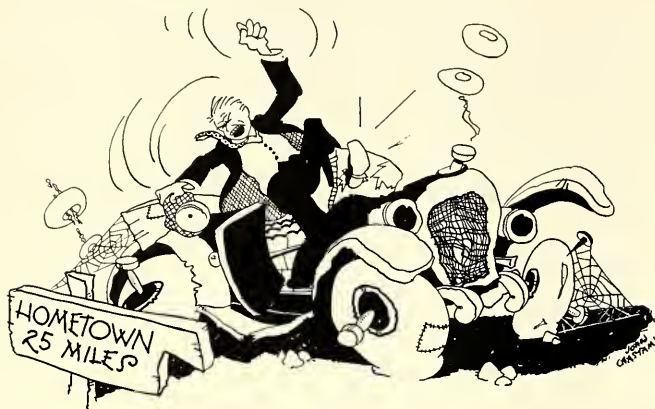
(They look at him hopelessly and depart. The Giant stares after them.)

THE GIANT: They got it a idea, ha? I should put der lights from der zoolochee oudt and get by a lion up-gegensen yet, or endlich, get killt by a hyena yet! Der grossery withoutd a collitch education I can run it.

Al Bloch.

"I want a bird cage equipped with perch."
 "Sir, you don't want a bird cage.
 You want an aquarium."

*Took my girl
 To a dance last night.
 The world is flat—
 Voliva is right.*



THE HAPPY ALUM RETURNS

THE ACES FALL TO LEFT AND RIGHT

The aces fall to left and right
 And cigarettes are burning down
 To mark the progress of the night.

Though luck may change, all cards are white
 And foreheads wear the earnest frown
 While aces fall to left and right.

No beauty moves the stupid sight
 When pocket books are flatter grown
 To mark the progress of the night.

Oh lovely maidens, curb your spite
 In turquoise blue or rosewood brown;
 The aces fall to left and right.

Be gay and end the losing fight.
 The fact of gender in the noun
 Will mark the progress of the night.

Let virtue tumble from its height,
 Let lights be low and love be light
 When aces fall to left and right
 To mark the progress of the night.

Margaret Wallace.

Seeing is cribbing.

Little moving pictures should be seen
 and not heard.

THE INSPIRING RECORDER

"Do you like the Cesar Franck Symphony in D Minor?" Asked of co-eds near Fisk Hall.

Betty S—: "Yes, because my boy friend likes it. He's highbrow. Likes Franck and codfish balls. He's very talented, and can whistle nearly all of the popular song hits."

Alice M—: "Maybe. I heard part of it in a Greta Garbo picture. Gee, she's marvelous. Zat all? If it doesn't get cold soon it'll be warm a long time before it gets cold, won't it?"

Jane B—: "Are you going to take my picture? Where does Mr. Franck live? I like his things, especially 'I Love You Truly.' I used to compose things when I was a kid."

Marion C—: "Very much. There ought to be one in every home, like a vacuum cleaner. We have a Hoover. Did you read where Mrs. Hoover's gone to Reno? Sure, I like symphony music. A fella I know plays the trombone in a band."

Jane Arndt.

THE COACH'S LAMENT

(Being a song of gladness sung by any Big Ten coach on every Thursday before a Conference Game)

O' the Captain has the measles and is failing very fast
 And the quarterback's a sore and sorry wreck;
 The center's days of usefulness are very clearly past
 For he has a dozen boils upon his neck;
 The half that does the passing fills a white hospital cot
 With a fever of one hundred nine or ten,
 And Saturday's opponents will be Johnny on the spot
 But just what will this college do for men?

One tackle has a busted rib thar's troubling him again,

The trainer has a bunion that is sore,
 The fullback squirms and languishes upon a bed of pain,
 And he'll never tread the gridiron any more.

The half that kicks the field goals has a badly swollen foot

And the other tackle failed to make his grade,

Yet we've got to meet the enemy, and play the game to boot,

But where will we be after it's been played?

Both the guards have halitosis and the subs have all turned pro;

The right end has an ankle that's gone bad.

The left end's on probation and we fear he has no show,

Do you wonder that the school is glum and sad?

O we started out the season with a gang of brawn and fame

And the school of Big Ten titles then did dream. . . .

Yes, we'll meet the foe on Saturday and maybe win the game

But we'll have to do it with the second team.

G. B.

FAREWELL FRASE

"Professor, what a fine library you have. What beautiful bindings!"

BELLES- LETTRES

TESTIMONIALS

Gentlemen:

Fifteen years ago I was so dumb I could not add two and two. After taking your Purple Pancreas Pills and going to school for fifteen years, I can now do fractions and gozinta.

Sincerely yours,
MUT MATHISON.

Sirs:

Three years ago my darling little Willy was so weak he could not even stand alone. After feeding him only on Phlukes Inphant Phood, he is now able to kick the cat, beat up his little sister and spit in my eye.

Gratefully,

A FRIEND.

P. S.: Little Willy is now 4.

Dear Sir:

When I first started taking Hirsute's Hair Tonic, I had dandruff terrible. After six months' treatment, my dandruff has entirely disappeared.

Signed,

PAUL ASHER.

P. S. So has my hair.

Mister:

6 yrs. ago I didnt have no children. I took yure pills. I been married five yrs. now & I got 5 kids already.

Resptfully,

A ENEMY.

Gents:

When I first started taking Urples four years ago, I had never been to a talkie. In the last week alone I have been to three.

Yours for bigger and better medicine,

MAE TINAY.

Gentulmen:

I first used your soap seven years ago and I aint used no other since.

HOB0 KEN.

P. S. Nor yours neither.

B. W.



"Now you're sure you put the letter where Bob won't find it?"
"Yeh, I stuck it in his Econ. text."

"They say Al Smith's getting a dollar a word for his new autobiography."

"He's lucky. I know a fellow who had to *pay a hundred thousand dollars a word* for a story he wrote."

"Impossible. What did he write?"

" 'I love you.' "

LOVE STORY

Fond

Correspond

Diamond

Bond

Abscond

Despond

Pond

Beyond.

Dear Miss Loveheat:

I am a crushed woman. Last night an handsome man took me out and brought me home at 3 A. M. All my sisters are broken-hearted. They think I am a wretch, and I have horrible pangs. Oh, it's not enjoyable to feel that you are a hideous creature. I am writing to you, Petunia Loveheat, because I have always heard that you could embalm the sick in matters of love. The world is full of sediment. Why is it he had none for me, and must so disgrace me? My sisters still weep and I mourn. Life is not worth it all that I should be so humiliated—I was the first one home last night.

"Gertrude, put this letter in the ice box. Mother just sent me a piece of her mind."

SALESMAN CAMPBELL: GO STRAIGHT THROUGH KANSAS CITY STOP KEEP UP YOUR GOOD WORK STOP REPLY. J. HIGGINS.

Reply

J. HIGGINS: AM STOPPING AS YOU ADVISED. CAMPBELL.



"He has the stamp of college all over him."
"Yes, he went to correspondence school."



Tramp, tramp, tramp—the boys are marching!

LIE CONTEST

We now open our great All-University Lie Contest, open to everybody, men, women, boys and girls, except the members of the PURPLE PARROT staff and their families. So everyone will have an equal chance. Send us a preposterous prevarication immediately! Cast your eyes upon the list of handsome prizes:

One beautifully engraved photograph of University Hall on a rainy day in the '90's.

Six 1924 Student Directories.

An all-expense-paid tour to the Shakespeare garden.

Marble bust of a sorority girl.

One thousand autographed portraits of Fred DeCordova in oil.

Five slightly-used, framed Scripture texts.

Ten hand-shakes from the deans of men.

Here are a few who have already taken advantage of this astounding offer:

"I think the talkies are adorable." (Greta Garbo.)

"Wisconsin has a better team than N. U." (H. W.)

"I can park my car on Sheridan Road." (Pat Smeed.)

"I called you up time after time, but no one answered." (C. K.)

"I love you." (See Directory.)

Just think—you may be the winner!

SONNY BOY'S DIARY

- Sept. 26th—Signed up for a Psych. course in self control.
- Sept. 30th—Took a ride with a D. G. pledge.
- Oct. 1st—Dropped the course.
- Oct. 2nd—Played bridge with a couple of Betas.
- Oct. 5th—Bought a llama coat.
- Oct. 6th—Played bridge with a couple of Pi Phis.
- Oct. 9th—Bought some B.V.D.'s at a fire sale.
- Oct. 11th—Went to game at Madison.
- Oct. 15th—Dad came up with \$150 and brought me back.
- Oct. 16th—Heard there is a good beer flat in town.
- Oct. 17th—There is.
- Oct. 18th—Went to an open house. Am dated up to New Year's.
- Oct. 19th—Took a Tri Delt to dinner.
- Oct. 20th—Kipling was right.
- Oct. 22nd—Got a job peddling ice.
- Oct. 25th—Got sick in English class—had to be carried out.
- Oct. 26th—Rushed by eight fraternities.
- Oct. 27th—Directed a stranger (blonde) to Wilmette Harbor.
- Oct. 28th—Cut all classes.
- Oct. 30th—Got a letter from dad: "Lay off the women or you don't get a penny."
- Oct. 31st—Got a job.

A. K.

And now the humane society is planning to forbid the use of the kitty in a poker game.



"When a husband ups and tells his wife that he wants things his own way, is that not determination?"

"Yah, dat is dee termination."



FOOTBALL ALPHABET

- Ⓐ is for Autumn, the season it's played;
- Ⓑ is the Ball; out of pigskin it's made;
- Ⓒ is the Coach who's the boss of the sport;
- Ⓓ is the Drop-kick that always falls short;
- Ⓔ is the End who drops many a pass;
- Ⓕ is the Full-back who trips on the grass;
- Ⓖ is the Goal that they're trying to make;
- Ⓗ is the Hero, both he-man and cake;
- Ⓘ is the Indigestion-cure drunk at the game;
- Ⓝ is for the Jimjams that follow the same;
- Ⓚ is the Knocks on the ground frozen hard;
- Ⓛ is for Letter, the player's reward;
- Ⓜ is for Mentor (The Coach's high hat);
- Ⓝ is the Numbskull who first called him that;
- Ⓞ is for Opening, not always there;
- Ⓟ is the Pass that is heaved in despair;
- Ⓠ is the Quarter who chauffeurs the crew;
- Ⓡ 's for the Rules, every season they're new;
- Ⓢ is the Score, often sad to relate;
- Ⓣ is for Tackle, who gets there too late;
- Ⓤ is the Umpire (blind, deaf and dumb);
- Ⓥ is the Victory that don't always come;
- Ⓦ 's the Wounded, the broken and slain;
- Ⓧ marks the spot where the bodies are lain;
- Ⓨ is the Yelling in anger or bliss;
- Ⓩ 's for the Zuzus who read stuff like this!

One and one are two,
But if one and one should marry,
How is it, in a year or so,
There's two and one to carry?

"No, darling, that's not the way she looks. That's just a picture of her."

THOUGHT FOR TODAY

A charming young lady named Flo
Had a corn that was causing her woe.
She purchased, they say,
A sharp razor one day.
Now it's vanished—but so has her toe.



A little song entitled: "Why hunt for rabbits when you've got hairs on your arms?"

"Well, the professor underwent an operation today."
"Was it successful?"
"Yes, the knife slipped."



GETTING AN EARFULL

"No, madame, this is the Beta House, not the National Wrecking Company."

And there was the Scotsman with a cold who had himself put under quarantine, so he wouldn't give it to anyone.

And the Scotch tobacco addict who practiced his deep breathing exercise while riding in the smoker.

POSTSCRIPT

Prithee, some reason state
For going—
That love is rather done
You're showing. . . .

I say, I can't see why
The haste:
My dear, recall love's not
To waste.

Perhaps my brand's a bit
Sub-standard,
But still too good to be
So slandered.

You say I lift my mouth
From your lips
To talk of how another's
Eyebrow dips?

My silly wench! I thought
You'd know more—
You'll do, as I have
Said before.

Farewell! I kiss your hair
And bless you—
With skill enough to quite
Impress you.

Maxine Boord.

THINGS WORTH SEEING ABOUT CAMPUS

Freshmen gleaning four pages of notes from three lines of facts. . . . Arthur H. Nethercot's smile. . . . Randall Sprague trying to acquire a poker face and choosing the Publications Office for practice. . . . The demise of Prentice and Campus Players. They can never find another play like "The Tragedy of Nan" or "Captain Applejack." . . . Dot Huckins' nose above the wheel of that La Salle. . . . The welcome given Hank Bruder which eclipsed the old enthusiasm about Tim Lowry. The idols change. . . . Miss Kennedy's hands synchronized with her own joke. . . . An overcrowded Ed. Class. . . . Professor Grant's teeth. Margaret Campbell, the Tri Delt pledge who is almost a relative of Prexy's and who is as southern a blonde as they are made. . . . The cars Walter Kvale will park in the men's quad. . . . The people who had the sales resistance to refuse Sally Gwin when she was selling PARROT Subscriptions. . . . Ted Egbert taking his bum leg to Open Houses so's the gals will sit out and sympathize. . . . Maxine Boord in D6 sassing Professor Smart and causing no dents. . . . Carlisle Christie's white hair. . . . Marion Fry, "Evanston's most popular woman." . . . The non-interference of Heine Anderson's violin practice and Al Moore's drawing with their first-rate football playing. . . . The omelet on the Phi Nu Beta house. . . . Clark Kuebler calmly teaching his instructors. . . . Fred De Cordova lamenting the death of Pollyanna. . . . The current

A. O. Pi phrase: "That's the nuts." . . . Johnnie Beck being rocked to sleep in the Old Hayloft. . . . Frederick H. Heidbrink at the Mira Lago wearing a queue and a Chinese hat. . . . The geologist who says "That guy he don't know nothin'," and the botanist who mutters "Shee what ish under thish microscope." . . . George Ball reading Walter Hawk's Great American Tragedy. . . . Peg Parker's activities. . . . Helen Potel's vivacity. . . . Adrienne Grant's conscientiousness. . . . Jimmie O'Keefe posing for a Times photographer. . . . Virginia Eagles' Beta pin. Page Mr. Anderson again. . . . Emerson Matthias who takes a different doll to lunch every day. That reminds us that he said he was afraid of women so he had come back for the P. G. . . . Dee Vogel's Deke. . . . The Phi Pi Phi who sends orchids. . . . Howie Waskow giving the G. F. a drug store treat. . . . The Delta Zeta pledge who wears petticoats. . . . Liz Sweet in brown. . . . Freddie Johnston, the Phi Psi charm for bad luck, in Voice and Diction with a prop between his teeth practicing, "I've Left My Apple Blossom Boughs, Pierrot." . . . Jean Markley asking questions in class that worry even profs. Lordy, maybe she thinks. . . . Ray Schmitz's sketches in other people's notebooks in that one o'clock Soc. Class. . . . The night watchman at Willard Hall who refuses to let anyone out one second after ten bells. We bet on an early nervous disorder for him. . . . Clare Purlin without gum. . . . Virginia Berggren trying to be inactive. . . . Buck Fyfe's haircut. . . .

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

Please sit before me a while longer. Let me draw closer. Ah! Glance out of the window for a moment. See, the sun is setting. Now look at me with those big brown eyes. Oh, I just want to gaze at them, gaze at them. Look at me again. Fine! I'll have your new glasses tomorrow.

"Don't give dis little dirl a dreat big hand!" she screamed as her papa turned her over his knee.





THE MONTH *in* BOOKS

Josephine O'Brien

MONKS ARE MONKS

A diagnostic scherzo, discussing anything and everything.

George Jean Nathan
(Alfred A. Knopf)

Under the guise of fiction, Nathan leaps at the chance to criticize others and to propagate his own ideas. He himself calls the work by the high-sounding name of "criticobiografiction," for it is neither pure criticism, pure fiction, nor biography.

Not only does Nathan criticize everything under the sun by the artifice of robbing his characters and forcing them to give up their own life to think, talk, and act for him, but at the same time he pokes gentle, and sometimes not so gentle, fun at those of his contemporaries whom he thinks worthy of notice. Hemmingway appears as Hemmingham, Mencken as Morton, and so on. However, he does not slight himself. Under the character name of Norton, he attempts to see himself as he thinks and hopes others see him—a fine method of feeding the ego, but of doubtful value.

Lorinda Hope, around whom the little action revolves, has reached the mature age of twenty-five years, and in her own terms, "is tired of being a virgin." However, she insists that any affair she may have be with a literary man, or, at the worst, with an artist. And upon this slight background is laid the story. Her hopes, experiences and ultimate disappointment and disillusion constitute the carriage for the conveying of the plot.

The chief purpose of Lorinda is to serve as a sounding board for the ideas of the pseudo Nathans. She sits in the dim corner of the room, sips her bootleg gin, and tries not to become bored, and at the same time to disclose her hidden charms for the enticement of her guests. They all drink her gin, smoke her cigarettes, and hold her hands. But at her first overt move, they flee into the night with the whites of their eyes gleaming,

leaving behind a furious young lady, who bites the pillows in her impotent rage. For monks are monks no matter how they drink or dress.

At the end all that she has gained has been a liberal, but far from conventional education in the different phases of Life—spelled with an upper case L. Her main desire and purpose has been defeated and in disgust she dons the veil and enters a secluded nook to become a neurotic advocate of celibacy. She may be classified in her own words as "Poor Lorinda." She suffered defeat at the hands of literary quacks who were long on talk, but short on action.

The book is written in the well-known Mencken-Nathan style of gentle vituperation and iconoclasm. It has apparently been lifted bodily from previous works of the author, with a slight chassis of a plot to carry the load.

Earle Mullin.

BLAIR'S ATTIC

Joseph C. Lincoln and Freeman Lincoln
(Coward-McCann, Inc.)

This is an annoying book. Of course, you may not find it so, but we had two quizzes to study for when we picked it up, and when we finished it at about twelve o'clock that night we still had our studying to do. We didn't do it. This is very embarrassing for one who has always looked coldly upon mystery stories, and regarded the addicts to that particular vice with distaste and suspicion. We have always said that we could take our murders or leave them alone, but from now on you may expect to find us eagerly awaiting our monthly copy of Scribner's and existing only for the moment when we may read the latest installment of an S. S. Van Dine massacre.

The plot of *Blair's Attic* is as well constructed as are any of its type, and the suspense is sustained to the last chapter. The story is in the form of a chronicle divided into several parts, each

recording a series of incidents. The characters are not as convincing as the setting and action; the hard New England shell covering a Heart of Gold is a trifle overdrawn in the cases of Iantha Hallett and Jonas Jones, into whose capable hands falls the burden of solving the forty-year-old mystery of the treasure concealed in Blair's attic. The old farm house on the sea-coast of Massachusetts, in which the action takes place, lends atmosphere and local color, while the "heart interest" is pleasantly, if unexcitingly, supplied by old Freeland Blair's grand-niece from Boston, and a young Harvard graduate.

We refuse either to recommend or to condemn this book. If you are a reader of mystery stories you will read it anyway, and if you are not you will not have read this somewhat incoherent review of one.

Josephine O'Brien.

The manuscript entitled "Write for Art's Sake Alone" never reached the press because the author held out for more money.



"I gave my old girl a framed motto and a book."

"What was the motto and what was the book?"

"A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT, and a dictionary."



Conductor: How old are you, sonny?

Sonny: Four.

Conductor: Well, I'll let him ride free this time, but I know what he's gonna be when he grows up.

Lady: What's he gonna be?

Conductor: Either a liar or a giant.
Judge.

Prof: I will not begin today's lecture until the room settles down.

Voice From Rear: Go home and sleep it off, old man.

Black and Blue Jay.

Algernon (reading joke): Fancy this, Percy: "A chap here thinks that a foot-ball coach has four wheels."

Percy: Haw, haw! And how many wheels has the bally thing?

The Log.

GEORGE AGAIN

I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet in a moment of temporary insanity.

Gargoyle.



"For the last time—will you marry me?"
Widow.

NIGHT WORK

"I don't mind washing the dishes for you," wailed Deacon Brown to his better half the other evening. "I don't object to sweeping, dusting and mopping the floor; but I do object to running ribbon through my night gown to fool the baby."

Skipper.

"Oh, ma! C'mere, quick!"

"What is it, Mary?"

"Look, Johnny ate all the raisins off that sticky brown paper."

Phoenix.

"That's me all over," said the suicide as he left the street after jumping out of a fiftieth-story window.

Banter.

Nit: You don't even know what the Marseillaise is.

Witt: Sure I do—the theme song of the French Revolution.

Judge.

"Moses, is my bawth warm?"

"Deed, suh, the wahmest Ah evah was in."

Ghost.

"Is he! He's so rich he doesn't know his son's in college."

Mountain Goat.

He (unexpectedly discovers her sewing upon the feminine garments so commonly called "step-ins"): What are you doing?

She (trying to blush): Making curtains for the sun bath.

Rammer-Jammer.

"Say, did you hear what that bunch of drunks did the other night?"

"No, spread it."

"Well, they couldn't get Bill into his room because he forgot his key; so they ran a steam-roller over him and slid him under the door."

Puppet.

"Got a sweetheart yet, Tilly?"

"Yes, and he's a regular gentleman."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, he took me to a restaurant last night and poured his tea into a saucer to cool it; but he didn't blow it like common people do—he fanned it with his hat!"

Bison.

The unluckiest man in the world: A seasick man with lockjaw!

Frivol.



Punch Bowl.

Prof.: Now, men, I don't mind you all looking at your watches, but please be courteous enough not to hold them up to your ears as if they had stopped running.

Aggievator.

Pathetic Figures: The boy that lisps trying to tell a girl that he likes her size.
Reserve Red Cat.

"Now that the Gideons have a Bible in every hotel room, what do you suppose they'll be doing next?"

"Putting a hymnal in every bath-room."

Judge.

Companionate Wife: "Where were you last month, you brute."

Life.

The Old Maid: Has the canary had its bath yet?

The Maid: Yes, he has, ma'am. You can come in now.

Skipper.



...on the lot it's **ACTION!**



...in a cigarette it's **TASTE!**

"EASY TO SAY, hard to do." Easy to claim everything for a cigarette; not so easy to give the one thing that really counts: *taste*.

Hard to do—but Chesterfield does it. Sparkling flavor, richer fragrance, the satisfying character that *makes* a cigarette—because, in every step, we aim at taste...

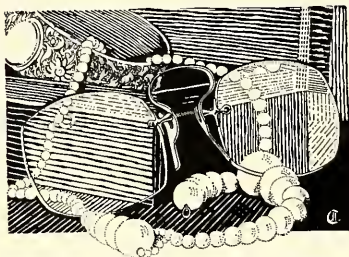
"TASTE *above everything*"



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HEW'S

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Clara: Remember the old maid down the street who was ill?

Belle (a Christian Scientist): You mean the one who thought she was ill?

Clara: Well, now she thinks she is dead.

The Mercury.

Tackler: I say, old top, do you happen to be double-jointed in the knee?"

Tackled: No.

Tackler: H-m-m. Well, then, I must have broken your leg.

Ohio Sun Dial.

A young descendant of the Hebrew race was broke in a large city. He wired his father thusly: Dear father: I am in the city broke and have no friends, what shall I do?

The father wired back: Dear Abie: Make some friends quick. Your fadder. *Whirlwind.*

Well, I got the wife a little machine of her own to run around with.

Ford, Packard, or Buick?

A Hoover.

Malteaser.

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Just South of Post Office—upstairs



*Printers to the Purple
Over 30 Years*

WE APPRECIATE YOUR ORDERS

(Continued from page 9)

"What was the name of the story?"

His visitor hesitated a moment before replying. "Well, you see it was a humorous story. I called it 'Bill Faw Down' and I didn't know whether you would like stuff of that type or not, but I thought I would send it in and see."

Ralph reached over and picked up the manuscript. "Is your name Smith?" he asked.

"Yes," his visitor replied.

This was his golden chance and Ralph took full advantage of it. Pointing his pencil at the youth, he began, "Listen here, young fellow," he started in his severest tone. "We don't want any stuff like this turned into this magazine. People that write for the *Scribe* have to think up their own thoughts and write them in their own way. Is this your first year here?"

The freshman nodded dumbly, swallowed hard a couple of times and finally spoke. "But, that is my own stuff," he objected. "I wrote it just the other day and thought that you might like it, so I turned it in to you. It isn't intended as a parody on anybody."

Ralph regarded the freshman severely. "You read the *Post* don't you?" he demanded. Receiving a nod from his visitor, he continued: "Well, then you have sense to know that this is nothing but an imitation of Barrington Hamlin's stuff and we don't want that sort of thing in the *Scribe*. People have to write in their own style or we don't even consider their manuscripts. And what's more, Smith, we don't usually consider manuscripts from people until they have finished advanced composition courses. They need the instruction before they can write at all. When you have had that course, bring something around and we'll consider it."

The freshman looked at him blankly for a minute, picked up his manuscript and went out with a shrug of his shoulders. Ralph turned to finish the last of his manuscripts with a sense of duty well done. He was sure that he had made a lasting impression on his visitor and that he had protected the reputation of the magazine.

The next morning Ralph entered his English E-6 class in high good humor. He would have to tell Prof. Lambert about his encounter with the freshman. The Prof. would enjoy hearing it, as he, too, had a contempt for people who imitated the style of others.

Before he could speak, however, Prof. Lambert called him up to his desk, "I have got some great news for you, Ralph," he said. "You need writers pretty badly this year on the *Scribe* and there is a writer of first rate humorous stories registered right here in Liberal Arts. Do you ever read stories by Barrington Hamlin in the *Saturday Evening Post*?"

Ralph nodded, dimly conscious of an impending blow.

"Well, he's registered here this year as a freshman. He's a thin, tow-headed lad. Wears big horn rimmed glasses and his real name is R. J. Smith."

MRS. HAROLD BLAKNEY of the *Evanston Junior League* in new fashions from the Edgar A. Stevens Shop

Below Mrs. Blakney is wearing a rich blue satin gown with the fashionable high, molded waistline, low back and exquisitely flared skirt.



Over the satin gown, Mrs. Blakney has slipped a luxurious evening wrap of gold and capucine brocade metal cloth with nutria-toned lapin fur trimming.



This shop is featuring a fascinating group of dance and party frocks in sizes 14 and 16—frocks that will smartly appear at many of the Northwestern formals the season through.

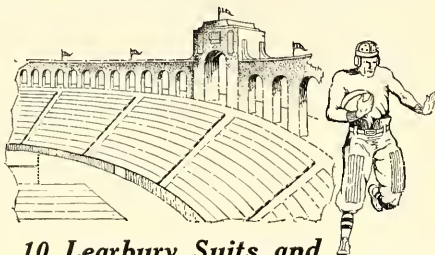
These winsome frocks display the new princess bodices with low cut backs and full skirts, many with ruffled flounces. They are charmingly fashioned of taffetas, moires, chiffons, gros de Londres, satins with tulle. Choose green, coral, peach, rose, purple, American beauty—which ever becomes you best. \$29.50 to \$69.50.

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10 Learbury Suits and Topcoats will be awarded to the 10 contestants whose selections for this year's All-American Football Team are closest to the one chosen by College Humor. Selections must be made on Learbury entry blanks. Contest closes Midnight Nov. 23rd. Come in now for your free Learbury entry blanks.

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EVANSTON'S LARGEST AND FINEST HOTEL

New arrival: Could you direct me to the library?

Senior: Sorry. I've only been here three years myself.

Cornell Widow.

"What's all the commotion in the car ahead?"

"Just an old maid in an upper berth who tried to look under her bed before she retired."

Cornell Widow.

"I wonder if George really loves me."

"Of course. Why should he make you an exception?"

Wampus.

HOSIERY SPECIALS

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FALL SHADES—EXTRA LONG
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\$1.10
WORTH \$1.50

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WORTH \$1.75

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but you can't rob the Gillette Blade of its sure, smooth shave

A FACE drawn and tight from lack of sleep, a slapdash lather and a hurry-up shave—it can't ruin the even temper of a Gillette Blade, even though it may wreck your own!

On such mornings, lather extra-thoroughly and treat yourself to a fresh Gillette Blade. You're sure then of the smooth, even, comfortable shave which has been honed and stropped into every Gillette Blade by machines adjusted to one ten-thousandth of an inch.

Every Gillette Blade *must* be even and sure. To guarantee that, four out of every nine of our blade department employees are inspectors and are paid a bonus for detecting every blade that won't do a superb job of shaving.

Eight out of ten American men count on the Gillette Blade to do its job well every morning. It does. Witness the smooth faces of American men today. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

King C. Gillette

THE only individual in history, ancient or modern, whose picture and signature are found in every city and town, in every country in the world, is King C. Gillette. This picture and signature are universal sign-language for a perfect shave.



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"Do you believe in dreams?"

"What say?"

"I say, do you believe in dreams?"

"I don't catch you."

"I say, have you ever known what it is to sink into the downy depths of a Spring-O-Mattress and drift away into the land of fairies and elves?"

"Of course! Why didn't you say so in the first place?"

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Pup: Who are your favorite actors?

Puppet: Lon Chaney.

Lafayette Lyre.

"Is he conceited?"

"Conceited! Why, he works crossword puzzles with a pen."

Gargoyle.

"Porter, fifty cents for another pitcher of ice water?"

"Sorry, suh, but if I takes any more ice, dat corpse in the baggage car ain't going to keep."

Exchange.

They laughed when I sat down at the piano—I had forgotten to bring the stool.

Flamingo.

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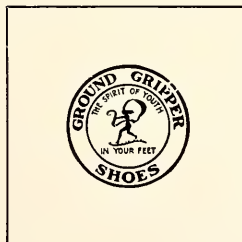
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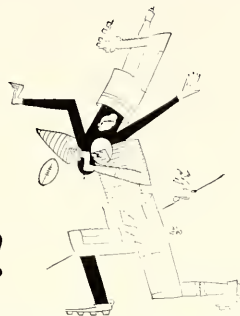
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College Humor's MONTHLY BULLETIN



Pigskin!

CRISP autumn Saturdays . . . the smell of burning leaves . . . huge yellow chrysanthemums . . . the mad, glad rush at the stadium gates . . . the hysterical blare of the bands just before the kick-off . . . the colorful pageant of college football is on!

College Humor is the ticket that admits you to the show, the program that gives you the information you need. The epic of football, a first novel called **PIGSKIN** by a new novelist, Charles W. Ferguson, gets under way while the eyes of the world are directed toward gridiron giants like Sphinx, its hero. A complete schedule of college football games compactly tabulated for your convenience is a feature of autumn issues, and word pictures of famous coaches, such as Rockne and Zuppke, give interesting highlights on unique personalities.

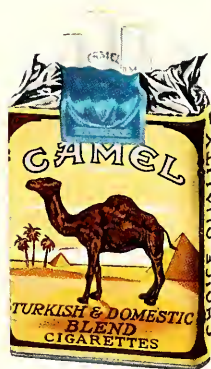


Bradley will send you a photograph of the 1928 All-American football team suitable for framing. Write Bradley Knitting Company, Delavan, Wisconsin.

Learbury is giving away a dozen suits and overcoats to the college students who come closest to predicting College Humor's 1929 All-American football selection. Get entry blanks from Learbury Dealer or write direct, Learbury, Morgan Hall, St. Louis, Missouri.

Get your 500 word Majestic essays in immediately and win one of those five beautiful radios for yourself or your house. See a Majestic dealer or address Grigsby-Grunow Company, Chicago, Illinois.

CAMEL, Joe? . . . come on—
team! . . . aw . . . oh well . . .
now hold 'em! . . . will you look
at that red-headed baby three
rows down. . . . Don't worry, I
am looking. . . . Pass! Pass! Go
back and break it up! . . . Shut
up; they can't hear you out
there. . . . I know, but it relieves
my feelings . . . like a good
smoke. . . . Camel, Joe?



*Camels are just so good that they are always better. Those
who have tried them all will tell you that.*